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Ἐνθα βούλαι μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἄμυλλαι
καὶ χοροί καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαία.

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THE STATESMANSHIP OF EDMUND BURKE.

ESSAY, BY JAS. M. BARKLEY, '76, OF N. C.

Among the brilliant company that supped at the Turk's Head in London in 1765, was a young man who had recently come to push his fortune in the Capital. In the club he was known "as the only match in conversation, for Dr. Johnson," and as the successful imitator of the, hitherto, inimitable Bolingbroke. The young adventurer not being pressed with business, found time to contribute a series of political essays to the *Public Advertiser*, which was then the medium of London literary genius. These essays attracted the attention of the Marquis of Rockingham who was then at the head of the Treasury Department; and he determined to become acquainted with the young author. The Duke of Newcastle endeavored to prevent an introduction; declaring that he knew the young man, "whose real name was O'Bourke, to be a wild Irishman,

a Jacobite, a Papist, a concealed Jesuit." Rockingham wisely disregarded the slander, sought out the young man, "and the Whig party was strengthened and adorned by the accession of Edmund Burke." This was an epoch, a turning point in the life of Burke. His faculties which had, hitherto, been exercised in philosophy and literature were now turned into a new channel. From his investigations of the Metaphysical systems of Berkely and Hume he turned away to become the disciple of Holland and Pitt. He left his friend, Johnson, in the quiet walks of literature to join another friend, Francis, in the more exciting scenes of politics.

His promotion began at once. He was immediately appointed private secretary to Rockingham; and in a short time, through the latter's influence, he was elected to Parliament from Wendover, in Buckinghamshire. Thus began that remarkable political career of which we are now to take a brief review. We say a brief review, for circumstances which it would be tedious to explain, make anything more than this impossible at this time. But previous to entering upon this pleasing task, it may assist our understanding of Burke's statesmanship to take a hasty glance at the "settings" of the political stage when he became an actor thereon. England was not at war; but it can hardly be said that she was at peace. The quiet that prevailed seemed only a lull before the coming storm. There was indeed sunshine in the East. But overhead its rays were dimmed by the fleecy edges of a cloud that hung dark and lowering in the West. India was at peace. England was in an uncertain state. America was on the eve of rebellion. While the Zemindars were indolently and quietly submitting to the exactions of the Governor-General and his minions, the colonists were vigorously protesting against tax laws of Grenville and his ministers. Added to the general depression which this state of her Colonial affairs produced England was troubled with internal discontents. The arbitrary conduct of George III. after his accession, had, at length,

driven Pitt from the cabinet. After his brilliant administration, hardly any Prime Minister could have hoped to be popular. Bute was positively obnoxious. Even his succession by Grenville in eleven short months from his appointment, could not allay the indignation felt at the arbitrary proceedings of the king. The chief feature of the Grenville Ministry which it now concerns us to notice, was the attempt to force the Stamp Act and other tax laws on the American colonies. He sowed the wind and left his successors to reap the whirlwind. Such was the inheritance to which Lord Rockingham succeeded when, in 1765, he was called upon to form a cabinet; and such were the scenes amidst which Burke first appeared in Parliament. Burke brought to the functions of this new office a mind already exercised in no small degree in literature, philosophy and the abstract principles of political science. His comprehensive conception, his vigorous imagination and his thrilling eloquence soon made him a leader in an assembly which numbered the illustrious Pitt among its members. Although such was his genius, and such his acquirements, he did not deem them sufficient. With an industry which that of Grenville, himself, did not surpass, he mastered everything which he conceived would be of advantage to him as a Statesman. As far as possible, he determined to deduce his principles of statesmanship from the experience of the past as he saw it recorded in the history of nations. He adhered to the rule and success was the result. Many (let us also say) who wonder at Burke's remarkable foresight could here find the key to the enigma.

We have already remarked the disordered state of affairs which characterized the close of Grenville's Administration. It left the Colonies in a state of discontent bordering on open rebellion. To bring order out of this political chaos was the first and chief business to which the Rockingham Administration addressed itself. But it was embarrassed by the adverse sentiments of two political parties. The Grenville party was

still in favor of taxing the colonists. They were ready, if need be, to use coercive measures to enforce the laws which their Ministry had carried through Parliament. On the other hand, Pitt and his followers not only opposed the Stamp Act and other special tax laws, but declared that Parliament had no constitutional right to levy taxes on the Americans. In this strait Lord Rockingham sought the counsel of Burke who advised, "to choose a middle course between the opposite extremes; neither to precipitate affairs with the Colonists by rash counsels; nor to sacrifice the dignity of the crown and nation by irresolution or weaknesses." This advice became the policy of the Administration. The Stamp Act was repealed; but an act was passed declaring the right of Parliament to tax the Colonists. The two parties inveighed against this action of the Ministry. Grenville fought the repeal of the Stamp Act to the last. The hisses and curses which met him when he appeared on the streets only made him the more obdurate and persevering in his course. Pitt's eloquence rang out in favor of the repeal; but he denounced the declaratory law and even applauded the colonists for resisting such measures as had been imposed upon them. Both parties were extremists. One in its desires to increase the public revenues, neglected prudence; the other in its zeal for liberty, misconceived the British constitution.

We are told that "the measures of the Rockingham Administration were the result of good intentions, but of feeble and short sighted policy." Yes and No. Yes to the first part of the assertion, No to the last part of it. Burke, who was really the leader of the Administration, with his usual breadth of comprehension, took in the entire situation and wisely chose the course between the two extremes. He clearly saw that the British Constitution did not place any limit on the legislative power of the King and Parliament in any of their dominions. They had as much right, were as "legally competent" to levy taxes on the Colonists as they were to regulate the

shippers of Liverpool or the Agents of the East India Company. We as Americans are apt to forget this in our censure of Burke and the Rockingham Administration. We should remember that Burke was acting under the British Constitution of that time and not under ours of to-day. Our people were then quite as far advanced in their ideas of liberty as those of Britain now are. That Parliament had a perfect right according to the British Constitution, to tax the Colonies is certainly true. But that such a proceeding was intrinsically wrong is equally true. Burke saw this and shaped his policy accordingly. And it was the policy of judicious, temperate and far-seeing statesmanship. He strongly asserted the rights which the British Constitution conferred on Parliament; but just as firmly did he maintain that even constitutional right did not warrant the enactment of oppressive laws. "All things might be right, but all things were not expedient." To illustrate his position: He held that "the Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the Constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue and fertile of discontents." In arriving at and in maintaining his position, Burke was led to expose the fallacy of Grenville's financial policy. He shows that his calculations are wrong and that hence his conclusions are. This document—"Observations on the State of the Nation"—demonstrates the wonderful comprehension and foresight of Mr. Burke. Manufactures and Commerce, both Foreign and Domestic; Revenues and Public Funds, and the possible financial schemes, not only of England but of France, are treated in a manner so clear, in language so apt and fitting as to demonstrate that it has been done by a master hand. Another matter relating to America gave Burke an opportunity to show how keenly and truly he apprehended the fundamental principles of liberty. It was proposed to revive the statute of Henry VIII. whereby treason committed beyond the sea could be tried by a Commission appointed in England.

Burke saw that only those who were wealthy could bear the expense of bringing such witnesses from America to England as would ensure them anything like justice. He showed that according to English law, the culprit must be tried near to the place where the offense had been committed. It was now proposed to disregard this law. Therefore he opposed the measure with all his powers. He declared it to be not only contrary to the laws of England, but subversive of the principles of personal liberty.

In July 1766, the king, who had all along disapproved of the liberal policy of the Rockingham Ministry, unceremoniously dismissed them. But Burke was in the height of his power in Parliament; and during the successive Administrations of Grafton and North, he maintained the stand which he had taken at the beginning of the Rockingham Ministry. He pressed the repeal of every tax law referring to America. When Lord North essayed "to repeal the obnoxious laws of the former Ministry, and to *reserve* the tax on tea, Burke characterized the scheme as "an heterogeneous mixture of concession and coercion." He needed the retention of no law that was oppressive to assure his rights as a Member of Parliament. Those rights were already assured by the constitution and, for him, they needed no further vindication. Half-way measures would not now avail. To him it was apparent that no broad generalities of legislation would meet the pressing exigencies of the moment. The disaffection of the Americans was radical and its cure must be equally so.' He went as far as his duty to his country would allow him in concessions to the colonists. Some of his English enemies assert that he went beyond this. We think not; and we honor him for it. He would have disgraced himself then and for all time, if, in his zeal for the colonists, he had trodden under foot the organic law of his own country. He fulfilled his duty alike to law and to humanity. A proposition was made to employ the Indians in the war against the Americans. This

called forth a protest from Burke such as has seldom been heard in Parliament. He also reprobated the attempt made by the British Government to excite the slaves of the southern colonies to insurrection against their masters. When we remember that these propositions were made in cool earnest by our Revolutionary enemies, we can hardly be too grateful to Burke as the champion of humanity.

But we are reminded that we can no longer pause in reflection upon the individual acts of Mr. Burke in his American Policy. We can only characterize that policy in a few general terms and then dismiss it. From the very outset he opposed the war. He favored the removal of everything that tended to exasperate the colonists. His counsels were for conciliation and peace. But they were disregarded and the war came. Burke believed that the counsels of its supporters were pernicious to his country, and he strove to hurl them from the high places in the government. His entire course displays the workings of a great philosophic mind. Doubtless he was a partisan in some particular cases, but on every general question he was the sage. As we see him applying his profound and varied knowledge to the conduct of affairs in this great struggle, we are forced to the conclusion that he was the greatest English statesman of those times—Pitt not excepted. And as we Americans are in these centennial days calling to mind our own statesmen of a century ago, we ought to remember that one of our warmest friends in the English Parliament at that critical time, was none other than Edmund Burke.

In the session of 1772 the affairs of India began to claim the attention of Parliament. Abuses by the East India Company's Foreign Agents had raised a popular outcry in England. Burke at once made himself master of the situation. He acquired a knowledge of the state of affairs at once accurate and comprehensive. He took oral and written testimony as to the alleged abuses. He devised means for their correction;

and devoted himself with untiring energy to the general study of British affairs in India. He gained much accurate knowledge from correspondence with his friend, Francis, who was at that time, and had been for some years, a resident of India, studying the manners and customs of the people.

The action of Parliament and the public protest caused the Directors of the East India Company to fear that, should the government discover the actual abuses committed, they would lose many of the privileges which they had enjoyed. They cast about for means to prevent an exposure. They asked that a commission be appointed to proceed to India. At the head of this commission was to be some man of great influence who was, ostensibly, to conduct the investigation, but who was, really, to muzzle investigation by standing between the Company and Government. Mr. Burke was selected as the scape-goat. But he was too honest to be a party to such a scheme. To use his own language, he "shoved by corruption." He refused the appointment, remained at home and became the leading prosecutor in this great case. How long would some of our modern statesmen have stood out against the blandishments of so wealthy a corporation as the East India Company? With very recent developments in post-trading sales before us, we can not venture an assertion. But no little circumstance heightens Burke more in our estimation than this. He may have been a partisan, he may, nay doubtless did, have prejudices, but he was not susceptible to the baneful influences of corruption. He was no bribe taker. A Select Committee was appointed to investigate the charges against the Company's servants. This Committee went to work too slowly, too deliberately, and, perhaps, too critically to suit Lord North. A Secret Committee was appointed to do the work and, after a superficial examination of the Company's affairs, brought forth "such information as Lord North professed to think a sufficient ground for important action." Burke did not so think, and he ridiculed the committees with

much wit and sarcasm. In 1781, his friend, Mr. Francis, returned to England and Burke supplemented the information gained by correspondence, with oral evidence. This was, no doubt, the foundation of Mr. Fox's Bill which was offered in Parliament early in the following Session. This Bill Mr. Burke supported with arguments differing from, but in no wise inferior to, those of the illustrious mover thereof. Although the measure was certainly inferior to the one afterwards offered by Pitt, we do not find room to censure Burke for his advocacy of it. It was the only remedy for existing evils that then presented itself. And whatever many have been the defects of the Bill, Burke's speech on that occasion shows how clear was his conception of the right in the case and how pure were his motives in the prosecution. 'He admits that the charter of the Company is properly sanctioned by the King and Parliament; that the company had bought it and paid for it; and it was theirs. But having granted this, he proceeded on ethical grounds, to show that no contract however sanctioned can authorize the violation of the laws of morality; that if a covenant operates to the misery of mankind, to acts of oppression and injustice, the general obligation to prevent wickedness is antecedent and superior to every special obligation to perform a covenant; that Parliament had sold all they had a right to sell; they had sold the privilege to trade but not the privilege to rob and oppress; he shows that there have been grave abuses in the conduct of the Company's affairs, and closes with an appeal to make the proposed change.' We have quoted so much of the substance of this speech because it shows the skeleton of those great arguments afterwards used in the trial of Hastings. Around that celebrated trial clusters the chief interest of Burke's Indian Policy. He believed Hastings guilty of the great crimes laid to his charge; and he believed it to be a duty which he owed to his own sense of right, to the people of India, to the Government of Great Britain and to humanity at large to bring the culprit

to justice. We shall not attempt to describe that trial. Those who have read Macaulay's description and noted with what splendid effect he has grouped the place, the actors and the spectators in that momentous scene, will thank us for the omission. Nor will such fail to notice that the central figure in that sketch is Edmund Burke. Hasting was acquitted; but it is no impeachment of the motives and strength of Burke. When suspicion rests on a public officer it is a public duty to investigate his conduct. If he be proven innocent, no harm can result; if he be guilty, his prosecutor renders a meritorious public service. This was Burke's position. Nor was it any disproof of his strength. He had to plead against a strong company, and before a court that was hostile to him by a majority of three to one.

Burke was also an anxious observer of the events of the French Revolution. He stood just upon the brink of the whirling passions which promoted it, and occupying this position he could well judge of their dark and malignant character. His intimate acquaintance with the notorious Tom Paine, one of the leading spirits of those troublous times, gave Burke access to much accurate knowledge which he could not have otherwise had. Through Paine's visits to him at Beaconsfield and through the many letters which he addressed to Burke, the latter learned fully the intentions of the Revolutionists. Their purposes were not confined to France. It was part of the scheme to revolutionize all countries. As Paine thus revealed the objects of the Revolutionists to Burke, is it any wonder he was staggered? Here was a man coolly proposing to him to be a party to a plan for the destruction of that very ancient and venerated Constitution under which he had lived and for which he had labored!

Paine went too far with Burke. When the latter was led behind the scenes, he saw more fire than belonged to mere stage effect. A conflagration was imminent. He saw it and gave the alarm. Some condemn Burke because he stood aloof

from his party at this time. He had abundant reason to do so. And we admire the spirit in him which counted the *right* stronger and better than mere party ties. In this he reminds us of the late lamented Sumner. No doubt both erred by excess of passion. But we honor their delicate sense of right and that independence of spirit which would not suffer them to lend their influence to what they believed to be wrong. We believe that if Sheridan, Fox and the other leaders of the Whig party could have seen what Burke saw, they and he would not have parted company as they did. It must not be supposed that Burke was hostile to the spirit of liberty. The exact reverse was the truth. No one would have hailed with greater delight the downfall of the Old Government in France, if he could have believed that such an event would have given to the French People a government similar to the English Monarchy. But having carefully studied the spirit and temper of that people, he knew that such a government was, with them, an impossibility. The Old Government was indeed corrupt, weak and inefficient; but bad as it was, it was better than anarchy which he saw would result, were the former overthrown.

Some have ridiculed Burke's fears of the Revolution, and others have even gone so far as to assert that he was mad. We shall only say in his defense, that it is well for England that she had such an Alarmist; it is well that there was such method in his madness. He foretold the disasters that would befall unhappy France. How true were his words! He learned from its projectors that the Revolution was to include England. And when the regicides of France would have laid their bloody hands on her constitution, he thrust them back and preserved his country from the horrors of the commune.

A remarkable quality which we have noticed in Burke was his great foresight. At times he seems to have been endowed with an almost prophetic ken. This is especially noticeable in his prediction of the results of the French Revolution. Can it be

accounted for? We think it can. His was "the prescience which arises from wisdom contemplating objects in all their circumstances and relations, and from cause, inferring effect."

Such were some of the leading characteristics of Burke's political career. There are a number of points which we would like to discuss but we must forbear. Such are his efforts to protect the Catholics, to secure better government for Ireland, to emancipate slaves and to secure the rights of Dissenters.

The question very naturally occurs, Did Burke make no mistakes? He certainly did make some very grave mistakes. The very first step which he took in political life was a mistake. His friend Goldsmith said of him that he

"—— narrowed his mind,
And to party gave what was meant for mankind."

He ought never to have bound himself with the leading-strings of a political party. Had he remained what nature had made him—a sage—and not become a partisan, the results of his life-work would doubtless have been far greater. But with all his failings, he was one of the greatest of the great statesmen who adorned his age. Had he chosen a different sphere, he would not have been less, but greater. Indeed, we can hardly forbear the wish that he had devoted his time to letters or to philosophy. He has given us reason to believe that he would there have achieved a nobler fame than he did in his chosen field. But he made politics his profession and no man has left a better record. To write his history fully would be to write a history of the British Constitution in his times.

PRAYER.

A cry for rest, for freedom from the toil
Of daily life, and grief? Nay, but for faith
To struggle on, expectant of the day
Whose dawn-fires even now illume the soul,
Announcing bliss divine to wearied man.

THE VOICES OF THE SEA.

Πολυφλοίσθειο Θαλάσσης.

The moaning waves—the moaning waves—
 A plaint is in the sea ;
 As if despairing what it craves,
 In patient agony,
 And with a tale of ancient wrong
 Complaining evermore,
 It heaves and writhes and foams along
 Exhausted to the shore.

The muttering waves—the muttering waves—
 A threat is in the sea ;
 The frothy bit it proudly chafes
 And struggles to be free,
 As rearing, plunging, far and wide,
 Amid the grand uproar,
 It reins itself in lordly pride,
 Defiant to the shore.

The roaring waves—the roaring waves—
 A rage is in the sea ;
 Against its rocky bound it raves
 In frantic energy,
 Recoiling but to gather strength,
 With sullen, angry roar ;
 Then leaping, foaming, dash at length
 In madness to the shore.

The booming waves—the booming waves—
 A knell is in the sea ;
 While Mercy neither hears nor saves
 In man's extremity,
 And tidings of the distant doom
 Are borne the waters o'er,
 It beats, as if against a tomb,
 Relentless to the shore.

The sobbing waves—the sobbing waves—
 A wail is in the sea ;
 For sinking wrecks and watery graves
 And helpless misery ;

In lone compunction how it sobs
 Such tale of woe to pour,
 And, like a heart that's breaking, throbs
 In anguish to the shore.

The whispering waves—the whispering waves—
 A peace is in the sea ;
 Assuaged, subdued, no more it braves
 Or weeps its destiny ;
 But meekly kissing now the strand
 It madly scourg'd before,
 It ripples o'er the silvery sand,
 Submissive to the shore.

The jubilant waves—the jubilant waves—
 A joy is in the sea ;
 The winds loud blowing from their caves,
 The waters leaping free,
 In grand, full diapason merge
 Their multitudinous roar
 And swell the paean o'er the dirge,
 Triumphant to the shore.

The dying waves—the dying waves—
 A calm is in the sea :
 The pebbly strand it slowly laves
 In languid ecstasy.
 As fade the hues of sinking day
 Along the halcyon shore—
 So let my spirit ebb away,
 When earthly storms are o'er !

Newport, R. I.

C. W. S.

IAGO.

Although the name of Iago has become the synonym for villainy of the deepest dye, there is a wide difference of opinion among students of Shakespeare as to his real character and the degree of turpitude to be attached to his actions. The thoughtful reader finds the character as delineated, a deep psychological and moral puzzle, and philosophical critics have expended

much labor in the attempt to interpret the fundamental truth of the great dramatist's conception. That Iago is true to nature we may safely assume without examination. But this assumption may be verified by experience, so far as our knowledge of human nature goes, and it is highly probable that to a mind as deep in the secret counsels of nature as Shakespeare's its strict fidelity to the profounder laws of our being would be at once apparent.

What is the true conception of Iago and what the animating principle of his actions? He bursts upon our astonished vision full panoplied in wickedness, yet he is no sudden creation but the disciplined child of nature and circumstances. Iago is a young man but from the whole tenor of his philosophy we recognize the satiated worldling who has drained the fountains of sinful and licentious pleasure and finds that "all is vanity." The "Apples of Sodom" crumble to ashes in his mouth and goad on a mind sour and cynical by nature, to the worst form of misanthropy, not the senseless idiocy of Timon, nor the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, but something far more Satanic —cold, cruel, calculating malice. Such a development is true to the laws of our nature. The worst scourges of humanity have been exhausted sensualists. Lust is a fatal deadener of generous feeling, the parent of misanthropy, and it not unfrequently ripens into that cool, sardonic satisfaction in wickedness which marks the lowest stage of depravity a human spirit can reach. Iago, then, has a historical development not presented in the drama, but implied, which must be carefully studied in order to a proper conception of his character. But why are not all satiated libertines Iagos? The answer leads us a step farther back into the border lands of Psychology. Iago impresses us as a man who is all brain. In mental power he has no superior except Hamlet, and even Hamlet is forced to yield to him in the keen, penetrating power of his genius. His intellectual perceptions are so clear that he is incapable of either the self-imposition or the scepticism of Hamlet. If any-

thing is plainly brought out in the play, it is Iago's full and frank acknowledgment of the distinctions between good and evil. He is too clear-headed to doubt, but he is as incapable of true belief as he is of scepticism. Faith implies reverence and trust, but these sentiments have their spring in the moral nature of man, and we search in vain for any moral soil in Iago. A man of Iago's mental and moral constitution, if he sin at all, must sin from choice with a clear apprehension of good and evil before his eyes. We can conceive of such an intellect when under the guidance of a powerful moral faculty, accomplishing results almost God-like in its search after truth. But in Iago's nature the moral and emotional powers must have been a practical zero from the beginning, and the "Four times seven years" during which he had "looked out upon the world" were unfavorable to their growth and culture. His weak native convictions were forced to succumb to a despotic will and his life became, eventually, that of a bold adventurer who plays the stakes with fortune and virtue and life till he is, per force, almost a fiend. The solitary motive power in his mind is a will remorseless as fate and trampling down all opposition. Iago is all will, but it is intellect in will, there is no restraining power, only the directing force of an unerring judgment. Add to this intellectual will force a passionless nature, cold blooded as the coil of a serpent, and the subjective conditions of Iago's character are complete. A careful analysis will show that this malicious will is the underlying principle of all his actions. So important is this fact, that to lose sight of it for an instant throws the student into confusion in his whole conception of the character. Gervinus, Hudson, and Coleridge concur in the belief that malice of disposition is the secret of Iago's wickedness. Magin adopts the theory of revenge, a very unsatisfactory one, and so good a critic as Hazlitt expresses only half the truth when he makes Iago's ruling passion the love of power. The love of power, it is true, animates all men in proportion to their consciousness of mental or moral strength,

but in Iago's case we are bound to answer the question, what gives his love of power wholly an evil direction? the answer to which leads back to the ultimate malignity of his disposition. Coleridge speaks with philosophical accuracy of the "motive hunting of a motiveless mind." The cool self poise of Iago's nature discredits the prevalence of any such passion as *revenge*, nor can his evident satisfaction in the sufferings of the innocent be accounted for on that hypothesis. It is most accordant with reason and experience to suppose that Iago is a man in whom vast intellectual power is found to coexist with fatal moral weakness, and a cold, irresponsive heart. The mental cravings of such a nature would lead him like Faust into every excess of licentious pleasure till his surfeited mind curdles into cynicism and ends in hissing contempt and hate of his kind. The survival of mental power in a ruined nature is not without parallel. Byron's genius rose with greater brilliancy from the ashes of his moral life. It can readily be seen how splendid mental endowments under the control of a malignant disposition might under favorable circumstances work out a career that would justify Shakespeare's conceptionary Iago.

Again, Iago's clear recognition of the noble qualities of others is strong evidence that malice is in him the spring of action. His life appears black in his own eyes when contrasted with the generous open-hearted Cassio or the noble, confiding Othello, and he rouses his wits to work their ruin. In Desdemona, though an infidel in female chastity, he recognizes a purity of life that rouses all the devilish malice of his heart. His relations to Desdemona are the darkest exhibitions of his malevolence. He has no quarrel with her, but so bent is he on her destruction, that he resolves, not out of "absolute lust" but from pure hate to compass her death or dishonor. He finds an intense relish in lacerating her feelings; her very presence seems to tip his sarcasms with more than their wonted venom, his jests bite her like a serpent's fang, and he takes a fiend's delight in making her wince. It is manifest throughout his

skillful practice on Othello's fears and jealousy, that Desdemona's ruin is a leading part of his design. Had he contemplated less, so subtle an observer of human nature would surely have known that the terrible revulsion of feeling in Othello's bosom would prompt a bloody vengeance. The plot bears evidence of the intention of the plotter. The persistence with which he persecutes poor Desdemona is inconsistent with the theory that he was merely careless of involving the innocent in the ruin of the guilty. Why then should the acme of his vengeance have fallen upon the head of innocence? Iago meant to wound Othello in the tenderest part of his nature, but if this were his only motive there is a supererogation of wickedness in the side scenes which cannot be accounted for. No, Iago has a rooted aversion to the good, the depths of his malicious nature are roused by the contact of angelic purity, and he sets about its ruin with the same spirit that animated Satan in his temptation of Eve in the garden. That his deepest malice is turned against Desdemona is shown further by his treatment of Cassio. Iago has the fly Cassio in his net, but he deliberately sets him free and persuades him to seek Desdemona's intercession, in order that he may the better arouse Othello's jealousy and suspicion.

" And by how much more she strives to do him good
She shall undo her credit with the Moor,
So will I turn her virtue into pitch
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all."

Iago is the wicked fate that destroys Desdemona. He recognizes the folly of attempting to seduce her from her fidelity to Othello; her love opposes the "aes triplex" to the arrows of temptation, but the destroyer is not to be robbed of his prey. He becomes the *arch-liar*, and weaves round her such a tissue of false accusations as insures her destruction. The whole tenor of his conspiracy leads irresistibly to the conclusion that Desdemona's ruin formed a co-ordinate element

of his deliberate purpose. Let this be admitted, and the theory of revenge is exploded, that of envy of rank sinks to a subordinate place, and we are forced back on the malignant will, the essential quality of his nature. "His passions are concentrated in the head and he deliberately chooses the evil." Hudson makes intellectuality Iago's proper character, but it is "intellect which has cast off allegiance to the moral reason." Hazlitt finds the key of the character in "a want of moral principle and an indifference to the real consequences of the actions which the meddling perversity of his disposition and the love of immediate excitement led him to commit." The latter part of this account is belittling, and the former is wholly insufficient to account for the result. Negative qualities cannot produce positive results, nor could indifference stir such malicious delight in the heart of Iago at the sufferings of the innocent.

The question arises, What were the motives of Iago, and what relation do they sustain to his character and actions? Shakespeare presents in his dramas three classes of men illustrating as many different phases of the relation of motive to action. *First*, men who with high moral faculties and generous impulses are drawn into wickedness through the concurrence of external circumstances with a ruling passion for the "unsanctified cravings of the individual will." Such men sin against their better judgment, and their evil career is marked by fierce conflicts between conscience and will. The determining motives with such minds are largely external and take on the appearance of fate dragging a human soul down to perdition in spite of itself. Macbeth is a masterly delineation of such a character, and the study of motives in his case constitutes the whole philosophy of his evil career. *Secondly*, men in whom a depraved will and a perverted conscience seem to concur in wrong doing. Eliminate the moral struggle from Macbeth and you have Richard the Third. But even in Richard we are conscious of something which modifies our judgment of his actions. Fate enters in the shape of a deformed body and

a loveless life, and temptation in the seductive prospect of a kingdom. These two elements of externality enter into and color our whole estimate of the man. The motives of Richard, however, offer only a partial explanation of his wickedness. It is largely the offspring of the malignant principle within, but the deformed body and the tempting prize of ambition come in as palliating circumstances. *Thirdly*, Men who are self-centered in their evil purposes and seem to embody fate in their own depraved will; in the true sense they are motionless. Iago is the solitary representative of this class; he has motives but they must, like his actions, be referred for explanation to the essential malice of his disposition. The sting of envy creates no malice, but rouses the slumbering viper to action. Motives are in such cases rather the occasions than the causes of wicked conduct. Bearing this in mind, we will be enabled to assign their due weight to the motives which appear on the surface of Iago's character. Discussing the theory of revenge, Hudson says "He has no cause for revenge, but he amuses his reasoning powers by inventing a sort of *ex post facto* motive for his purpose;" in other words it is a necessity of the human mind to have a pretext for action, if it can find no motives. It is this search for pretexts that Coleridge calls "The motive hunting of a motiveless malignity." So far as the writer can fathom the character of Iago, there is nothing that can with any plausibility be called motive except envy. The promotion of Cassio wounds his pride. "And by the faith of man I know my price; I am with no worse a place." But his envy is of an unique kind and leads to results so utterly disproportionate to the apparent cause that our intuition sends us back a step farther to the real source of both his motives and actions. They are all the fruits of his evil genius and only become intelligible after we have caught a glimpse of the fountain of malice behind them. The man makes the motive, and any explanation which stops short at envy or revenge as the motive power in Iago's wickedness overlooks the elementary factor in his character.

In view of the preceding analysis the question arises whether Iago is to be considered a natural character or a personification of the evil principle. It were useless for the student to puzzle his brain attempting to fathom the intentions of Shakespeare in sketching such a being as Iago. We may be assured that it was not to "point a moral or adorn a tale." We must accept Shakespeare as the great interpreter of nature who simply looked into the human heart and recorded what he saw there. To seat him on the chair of the moralist, the teacher, or the philosopher is to degrade his character. He is greater than all these, and it is the true wisdom of the philosopher to come and learn of him who in the universality and the catholicity of his genius is a fit type of nature herself. We are certain that the great dramatist found somewhere in human nature the materials for an Iago, and that without this dark touch the many hued portrait of the human heart would have remained incomplete. The student of Shakespeare must also avoid the error of imagining that the great dramatist intended any of his characters to represent mere personifications. To the objection that for all practical purposes Iago is overdrawn, we may reply that so is Richard the Third: it is seldom that the earth is cursed with such a monster, yet Richard is a historical character. The true dramatist does not consult practical ends alone, his sphere embraces not merely the actualities but also the possibilities of human nature, and Shakespeare in taking up the character of Iago free from the local conditions of a historical personage, and illustrating in him the possibilities of humanity in the direction of evil has not presented an unnatural character, and least of all an abstraction.

Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear and Othello are extreme yet human types of men working out their destiny under human conditions. We can trust Shakespeare implicitly in this, that when we ask him for the bread of humanity he will not give us an ideal stone, and the deeper our acquisitions in heart lore and the wider our experience of human life, the more of nature do

we discover in his characters. That there are such extreme cases of malignity as Iago cannot reasonably be denied, though to the honor of our humanity be it said, they are rare. Iago, it must be allowed, is more fiendish than "Milton's Satan," but the Fallen Archangel is no adequate embodiment of the evil principle. Morally he retains much of the pristine grandeur of his angelic character. Ages of progress in sin have produced human monsters more depraved, more unscrupulous and malignant. Shakespeare with his deep insight into human nature has placed Iago at the extreme limit of man's capacity for wickedness, and the grand result of critical investigation confirms the wisdom and truthfulness of his conception. Such is the Iago of Shakespeare, "a being" says Coleridge "next to devil and only not quite devil, and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed without disgust and without scandal."

A.

THE CICADA SHELL.

Frail tenement, of life still image,
With mimic eyes, mock feelers, fringed feet,
Wings folded, every outline perfect,
Whither has flown the inner life complete?

Out of what mouldy clay, in darkness,
Into the day's broad glare crept slow along
These phantom limbs, far upward climbing,
Close clinging to the shaggy bark so long?

How thrilled with joy each tiny fibre,
When throbbing life burst through the prison bare;
Each sense renewed, in happy freedom,
To pierce on shining wings the untried air!

Comes thus the soul from caverns murky,
Heavy and chill, its darkened vision dull,
From under-realms—but half-awakened
The life that later shines so pure and full?

Or drops it down through glistening ether's
Crystalline deeps from heavenly wonder-land ;
As leaf of summer rose floats, whirling,
To earth, by evening's changing breezes fanned ?

But only this we know—through endless ages,
Beyond the stars the ethereal spirit flown,
Creature of eyes within, without it,
Shall know, all glorious, even as it is known.

R. T. L.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Among all the authors representing different varieties of English poetry but two, of any note, have adopted the form of allegory in their works. Spenser has been immortalized by the Fairie Queen, and Milton in producing Comus has given to the world a faultless poem.

This class of writing, aside from its intrinsic value, is elevated by the very fact of such men thinking it worthy the attention of their genius, so that we are not surprised at discovering one of Tennyson's best works to be of the same character. The peculiar charm of mystery attached to the Holy Grail, while enhancing the immediate beauty of the lines, marks the poem as separate and distinct among the Idyls of the King. The interpretation of the allegory necessarily involves considerable conjecture for the coincidence or parallelism is frequently remote though generally evident.

Instead of the Cross, the Sam Grèal may be considered as the symbol of our Saviour. He is the only one in whom can be found lasting happiness. The greatness of this boon and the difficulties which surround its attainment is the theme of the poem. Some, and these a very few, reach it by fasting and by prayer, by a total renouncement of the world, by a life of secluded piety. The Nun and Sir Galahad, but two of all from Arthur's court were thus singled out, the rest of the

knights found their line of duty in harsher trials, in battles with the world, in the struggles of an intense humanity. The Nun, stricken with sorrow, turned from the wickedness around her, from the scandalous and adulterous court to a life of all but utter whiteness. Sir Galahad saw the "deathless passion in her eyes" and turned also; but the remainder of the Table Round found that such a way was not for them but that it was theirs to be men

"With strength and will to right the wronged, of power
To lay the sudden heads of violence flat."

The eager zeal with which all swore to see the cup when the thunder and lightning first startled them in the hall and the suddenness with which all succumbed to trial, is characteristic of the Christian life; it is begun in high hope, in the flush of new born strength, but soon thickens with unforeseen dangers and temptations so that many, unless aided afresh, by the road side quickly fall and perish.

To find lasting happiness it is necessary that we lose ourselves to save ourselves; we must put on the garment of true humility and renounce all pomps and vanity. Of all the knights who essayed to find the Holy Cup but two were equal to the task. Sir Percivale was several times tempted and gave up the quest; first he succumbed to fleshly wants, to hunger and to thirst, and having yielded found that

"—all these things at once
Fell into dust, and he was left alone,
And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns."

In the course of human duty he encounters the lust of ease, the lust of gold and the lust of fame, all which tempt him, to all which he yields, and not until he has rendered humble penance in the Hermit's cell was he allowed to see the holy thing, and then so far away that it seemed but a rosy gleam hovering over the head of Sir Galahad. He saw not what he fain would see for his thoughts still dwelt upon his prowess and his sins and he would not lose himself to save himself.

The delicate thread of subtle meaning traceable throughout the poem adds infinitely to its force. It doubles the significance of the narrative and converts the sentiment from a mere legendary curiosity into one of more than ordinary grandeur. The introduction of the allegory places the poem among the deepest and most beautiful of the Author's works, and in part accounts for the novel, marked and overpowering effect which it produces. This is felt even at the first reading, but increases in power as its study is continued. Its beneficent influence is more decided than that of most poetry and whatever rendering is taken, the narrative alone, distinguished at once for its pure tone and its forcible simplicity, cannot fail to produce a profound impression.

A. B. T.

The golden gates of virtue still unbar
Man's infinite abode,
Man's true and living home,
The Life containing all.
There is no need of Death
To ope the inner world.
The Spirit-form unfolds
Unnumbered faculties—
The swan's unflagging wing—
To bear it far away.
The Dream Life folded lies
Upon the confines dim
Of that mysterious realm
Beyond the Earth and grave.
All who have ever lived,
All who have ever loved,
All who have ever thought,
All who have ever grown
Out of material dust,
Have found the Sphere that folds
The Earth within itself
Where Spirits never die.

Voice of the Students.

[This department of the LIT. is intended to represent the opinions of the students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—Eds.]

FRAUD IN EXAMINATIONS.

We believe that we were the first to call attention through the pages of the LIT. to the disgraceful spirit of deception so manifest among a large body of our students without even an effort for its concealment, and the barefaced frauds perpetrated in our examinations, suggesting at the same time a practical plan for the eradication of the latter. As we have before said this depraved *esprit de corps* was only to be removed by a complete change of college opinion on the subject and the unconditional condemnation and ostracism of all guilty parties. For obviating the latter we could only suggest the plan pursued elsewhere—already by one professor, successfully tried here—the simple statement by the examined student that he had neither received nor given assistance written above the signature on his paper; in other words, placing a student on honor. In a previous article (March LIT.) we made some strictures on the present deformed condition of things and attributed it in part, as we think on good grounds, to the compulsory system of attendance on religious exercises with its relation to grade, and also the police supervision which is still accessory

to the examination halls. We have seen nothing to shake our faith in the truth of these deductions and we desire to bring them still more prominently before the college because of a somewhat ambiguous article bearing on this subject in the last LIT.

We propose to carefully and calmly discuss the statements of this writer with no other view than to elicit the truth; and although he occupies the very anomalous position of one writing as the accredited mouth-piece of two distinct and opposing parties, committing himself to neither side, yet a comparison of this article and that in the April LIT. is instructive. In Article 1 we find; "Attendance upon 'religious exercises'" (!) is made compulsory. Surely but few feel "religious" under such circumstances and the presence of the discontented many are but a defilement of the sanctuary. True this discontent ought not to exist, but it does and we must treat things as they are and not as they should be. *We* can conceive of no better place for man than the House of God, but unless a man feels that it is good for him to be there he had better be thousands of miles away."

To which we say, "Yea, verily." Article 2 varies a little; "Compulsory attendance upon Chapel is, we admit, at best but an uncomfortable method of securing proper moral training; but so is the correction which a parent administers to his child. The institution which ignores a rigid moral training is as seriously at fault as is a father who neglects to reprove and correct his wayward children, etc."

The comparison to parent and child is singularly unfortunate. No sensible parent would attempt to coerce his son's religious belief or habits when he has arrived at the age at which most youth come to college, and further we know fathers who will not send their sons to a college where compulsory attendance on religious exercises is insisted upon for fear the prejudice or distaste acquired for the forms of religious worship may prove ineradicable afterwards. But it was not our

intention to argue this question which may be comprehended in the old proverb,—“one man can lead a horse to water but a hundred can’t make him drink.” They can drench him, but that is medicine—and disgust. Surely it seems to us that those spiritual waters whose every invitation breathes of invitation and freeness do not sanction any force in their use on the part of mundane agents or authorities. The thing is revolting. But the fostering feature of this system is that a man’s *scholarship* is made largely to depend on his regular appearance at these various religious exercises. That a deduction of one-tenth for every omission of Chapel exercises should be made from a scholar’s standing in class can only go to show the rottenness of the whole system which takes away from a diploma its supposed value as representing the recipient’s scholarship. Yet we are paternally informed by this writer, “as the *moral rectitude* of the means has never been questioned, our malcontents cannot do a better thing than keep quiet upon the subject.”

We question either the morality or rectitude of such means when we contemplate the results, nowhere more apparent than in the several examinations. Our firm conviction is that every man who attends Chapel merely to prevent the dangerous accumulation of absences or deduction from his grade as a scholar is forming or strengthening a principle ruinous to all honorable action, and the natural results of which are certain well known practices which for ingenuity of deception would put to blush the Heathen Chinee. Mark we do not instance this as the only cause of this depravity. No man ever became wicked on the sudden or from one cause. But that the spirit of insubordination and opposition here engendered is a prolific source of this evil we unhesitatingly assert. The writer referred to cites the example set by the University of Virginia and well adds, “why the same system cannot be used here we are at a loss to imagine.” But he should notice that just as the students of that institution would not

suffer for a moment such a tarnish on their honor as fraud in their examinations so would they not brook a system such as we endure of compulsory attendance on religious meetings, and being "watched" during examinations. Can you expect a man to preserve his self respect under such surveillance as we have of tutorial spotters and proctor police? The argument that this imposition is for the guilty and only transgressors are watched is no excuse whatever. There is no analogy between a class of men who stand on the same footing, enjoy the same advantages and are working for the same end, and a miscellaneous society of good men and rogues. To make laws for rogues or cheats is to imply their existence and to apply this practically to a college class in their examinations is to say the least an insult to every man in it.

We return then to our remedy, for our remarks must be limited in space:—

Let there be a thorough awakening and change of "college tone" on this subject, which will result in a unanimous demand that every student be put on his honor in examination, *just as he will be placed in any position of trust he may hereafter occupy*, and a demand be made for the immediate removal of the demeaning police supervision over classes under examination.

These are probably the last words we shall write for the Lit., and we have put them earnestly with the hope that they will generate some immediate action on the part of both faculty and students—for it should be concurrent—and that we shall see before the present Senior Class leaves College the creation of a fair and noble reform of which both as individuals and as a class we might well feel proud. "So mote it be."

SPES.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

There has of late years been not a little talk with reference to raising the standard of Scholarship at Princeton, and surely the consummation of such an idea is most devoutly to be wished. Whether or not it will be altogether practicable to effect this elevation at present must be left with our rulers to decide, but that any action tending to secure so desirable a result should receive all possible encouragement is an opinion worthy of general acceptance.

The authorities seem to be as anxious about the matter as we ourselves, and stronger interest than they show in the matter could scarcely be manifested. It is admitted on all sides that with our present arrangement the standard in the lower classes is somewhat lower than it should be, and that in the latter years—the Senior particularly—the course becomes most unduly crowded. How to remedy these evils is the question at issue. The relief of either one largely affects the existence of the other. For, if the standard be elevated in the lower classes, the present Junior and Senior courses can be extended over three, instead of two years: and if the pressure in the two latter years be satisfactorily relieved, the lower standard in the first two might remain without material detriment.

A writer in a previous number of the LIT. suggested that the Freshman year studies be required for entrance, and that the course for the remaining three years be extended over four. This might possibly become a practicable plan were there—as has been observed—a sufficient number of good feeding-schools to warrant such action. But with the schools as they now exist in this section of the country such requirements for entrance would injure, instead of benefit, the college. Students would flock to those institutions where the requirements would be less, and our necessary loss in numbers would not justify the elevation in scholarship.

As, then, it would seem impracticable at present to raise the standard for entrance, the latter half of the course must, if possible, receive the desired improvement. The present arrangement of our course allows a Senior to idle through the term and requires work only for examinations. We "take" two or three lectures a day and then throw down that set of notes to be taken up again only on the next lecture day in that branch; and in this way notes are taken every week in ten or twelve branches. That such a state of things is unwise must be self-evident, and the remedy which occurs to us is simple and might be made effective.

It was suggested in an editorial in a late number of the LIT. that, in order to equalize the work throughout Senior year, our lectures might be printed. This suggestion seems to answer our purpose exactly. If the lectures of both Junior and Senior years be printed, every branch could be readily finished in from one-half to two-thirds of the time now required; and we doubt not that, on the whole, the regular recitations would in themselves prove highly beneficial. The time thus saved could be devoted to new and higher studies which might be introduced. The Junior is not even now by any means so greatly crowded as the Senior year, and the judicious addition of a few studies in the former would not—under the circumstances—be seriously felt. Or even Sophomore year, now the easiest of the course, could be utilized, and, with the time saved in the two latter years, much might be gained.

We have neither time nor space to dwell upon this theme, but we have merely thrown out this suggestion in the hope that it may receive at least a consideration. Whether its adoption would render our work more systematic and effective and our standard at graduation higher, without entailing evil results, seems to us a question worthy of deliberation. X.

Editorial.

A LITTLE TINCTURE of journalism in the somewhat soporific decoction of Metaphysics, Greek, &c., which we have been called upon to quaff during the year past has not been without its exhilarating effects. The tincture itself, "straight," may require a stomach of a strong, healthy tone, a tone, indeed, which we think college-men should more often aim to develop. Why should not journalism be considered one of "the professions?" It is so nominally,—but why should it not bulk more largely in the fore-casting minds of those who are gauging themselves and looking anxiously for the arena in which they may most freely display their powers. The answer lies not far away, perhaps,—pay, low; promotion, slow; chances for greatness (which two in three look for) infinitesimal; for permanent fame, zero; and what hard work, even when at the bottom of the ladder, and what little respectability when there! Just so long as it is considered "genteel" to be in the law, no matter how low, or to be a physician, however third rate, so long journalism will not be over crowded with College-bred men. But journalism will never feel the desertion of this "genteel" class, and the representative men will not enter lists where they contend at a disadvantage with fellows of high-school training who have labored up from the county-fair reporter's station, who hold their noses aloft at the "prestige of a college diploma" and care not at all for a man with a pocket full of medals. Then

that great convenience, an uncle in the business, can do no more for a man than an uncle in Thibet.

But this train of reflection is not that in which we intend to indulge at this time, for our college journalizing days are almost over. They have been a pleasure to us, as we have said. We have endeavored to make the LIT. worthy of the institution to which she owes her life, and attractive to her supporters whom she aims to stimulate and interest. Coming out as she does, once a month, she must seek rather to express than to mould college sentiment. We look to *The Princetonian* to accomplish this last so far as it is necessary or possible. Errors in judgment and expression in the past year we are conscious of, but at the same time no less so of the fact that we have not brought to our work that jealous antipathy of those above us which we believe to be irrational and unjustifiable but which, we remember, has looked out from the pages of former LITS.

We have met some difficulties in our management, chief of which, perhaps, has been the number of editors, which has been about twice as many as is needed for promptness and efficiency, but we are convinced that the plan of allowing the whole board to edit each number is a good one.

We heartily applaud '77's energy and good sense in her arrangements for taking the LIT. in charge. We are assured that *The Princetonian* will be a complete success just so long as there is no unpleasant rivalry between itself and the LIT. and no dissatisfaction among its own managers. The college will support it as long as it fulfils its position, not of a news-bulletin only, but of a racy college paper. We shall look for it in the weeks of next year with some eagerness. We have no reason to reproduce '75's parting sigh with reference to the LIT. editors, that we are sorry the best men in the class were not elected to the position. We do think, however, that one or two of the editors of each paper might exchange positions with benefit to both.

We could not foretell the character of the LIT. as regards our college acquaintances. After having aroused a great cackling in the quiet henries of Dartmouth and Miss. University, it is possible that she may choose to lay aside the role of fox, confident, at least, that she has broken up their old-time tendency to "set." There will be more "scratching" if we mistake not another year among college exchanges.

IF WE WERE to characterize the playing of Yale's base ball company in the recent game at Princeton, we should say that the umpire and nine play admirably together. We cannot but smile at the display of Yankee sagacity which puts the tenth man in the position of umpire rather than that of assistant catcher or "right short." Should the Amateur B. B. Association choose to adopt this innovation which Yale has so boldly inaugurated, and permit each nine to carry about with it a man of judgment whose business it shall be to see that the nine wins such games as it chooses, it certainly would modify the character of the national game, lend an interest new and startling to it, tend to develop a manly quality of some value—cheek, and in many cases cause it to rise to a highly tragic close. But until such action has been taken it would be, to say the least, more wise and more self-reliant in Yale to play the time-honored game in the time-honored way.

After having played the game in which Yale was saved the trouble of making a run under an umpire of our own and without a murmur from the defeated party, we had no thought but that the same pains would be taken in Princeton to make the decision unquestionable, but we were disappointed.

But the sense of injury passed over into disdain when the report of a fellow traveler with the Yale ten reached our ears. They displayed an unmistakable forgetfulness of their Yankee nativity and associations when they took so public a place as a railway car to "instruct" their umpire. Doubtless he was

ignorant, but his native depravity would have supplemented every deficiency without assistance from without, for he was a representative Yalensian. The character of the instructions could have been none other than those of Yale men to Yale men. "But if they get ahead, we must win by fair means or foul, and we rely on you." Noble man! He did not disappoint them, but summoning all his ignorance and dashing aside the few troublesome ghosts of ethical principle which haunted him, *he* led the Yale men on to victory. Another John Maynard he looked, as he stood with hands on the helmsman's wheel, the flames of popular indignation crackling around him and his craft, and even singeing his fair name, yet he never flinched. He was there to save his crew from defeat, destruction and death, or die in the attempt. He succeeded like his great prototype in the former and there were some there who, in order to complete the likeness, evidently wanted to help him to meet the latter.

We will have heard doubtless, through the columns of Yale's papers, ere this LTR. appears, of the disgraceful treatment which their nine received at Princeton. But let Yale withhold from criticising want of hospitality until the facts connected with the visits of our nine and foot-ball twenty in years past have faded from the memories of Princeton men. Such open neglect of the common rites of hospitality and such vulgar haughtiness we have never met with at the hands of any nine—not even the meanest—which we have had the opportunity of playing. The facts still exist and can be referred to. Yale is in no position to play censor. But far be it from us to sanction in this way the conduct of the spectators at our late game here. Sure we are that the remembrance of past ill-treatment was banished at the opening and would have been throughout the whole of the game, had not their own umpire followed up questionable decisions with flagrant and wilful error, until patience was exhausted and forbearance became unsophistication.

Olla-podrida.

Summer may be said to have fairly come, and it seems to have come to stay. The Campus is again the favorite lounging place during the evening, and the need of a greater number of benches is more and more keenly felt. The few old ones that are still left are almost worthless, and the addition of a dozen or so would be gladly welcomed. "Come now, Mr. Goldie."

Our last lecture in English Literature was honored with the presence of quite a distinguished visitor. During the hour several of the less deeply interested Seniors "fell to napping," and our worthy visitor, being affected by the contagion, was also noticed to give several decided nods. The Professor seeing the somnolent boys, but not noticing the nodding guest, said: "Gentlemen, I neither like to preach nor to lecture to sleepy audiences." An audible smile aroused the innocent dropper-in, and the look of drowsy inquiry which became visible upon his intellectual countenance was edifying in the extreme. He couldn't understand what provoked such unusual merriment in a class-room.

On the evening of May 4th, Dr. J. G. Holland closed the Students' Lecture Association Course for this year with his excellent lecture on "Hobby Riding," which was undoubtedly the best of the course and was thoroughly appreciated and admired by all who heard it. The substance of the lecture was, that this is a world of specialties and that every man must confine himself to a particular "line;" this singleness of labor and aim is calculated to produce "Hobby Riding;" to avoid this, culture must be called in: and a large part of this culture must be the work of the women of our land. The thought throughout was strong and its expression forcible and pertinent. A glowing yet deserved tribute was paid to woman, and the gallantry with which the galleries welcomed the praise to the gentler sex spoke well for Princeton chivalry, as the Doctor himself suggested.

After the lecture Dr. and Mrs. Murray most hospitably entertained the lecturer and his estimable wife, and to all whose good fortune it was to be present the evening was most assuredly one of social enjoyment.

In resigning the Lecture Association to our successors we would bespeak for them even a more liberal patronage than it has been our lot to enjoy. It is a difficult task to secure sufficient guarantee that the season will not be a failure,

and unless abundant encouragement is given there will be found to be an utter lack of that feeling of security which, particularly in a financial enterprise, can alone engender confidence and enthusiasm.

We are to be congratulated upon the vastly improved accommodations which our friends will this year enjoy. The old Nassau Hotel has been so elegantly refitted that the oldest attendant upon our Commencements would scarcely recognize it. It can, however, hardly hope to compete with the new Hotel, now so near completion, which is to be under the efficient management of Mr. George Goldie. Mr. Goldie has been spending some time at one of New York's best hotels and may be said to have completed himself in the acquisition of the necessary "ins and outs" of hotel-keeping. He will next year, for the accommodation of the students, establish a Commons System to be under his own personal supervision, but to be largely regulated by a committee of the students chosen for that purpose. He is to have but one rule. All men are to be considered as gentlemen with reference to themselves, each other and the proprietor—and any one who can not conform to this simple regulation is not expected as a customer. We predict for Mr. Goldie the success which his fine business qualities and uniform courtesy so richly merit.

THE CENTENNIAL.—In due form and in accordance with previous announcements, this National Family Fair opened on the 10th ultimo. About three hundred of our students assisted at the ceremonies, and the few who escaped unhurt assisted the less fortunate in returning home.

We set out in our chartered train at about 8:15 A. M. and, after some delays, occasioned by the uneasiness with which the conductor managed his new suit, we, much to everybody else's regret, succeeded in reaching the grounds. Upon alighting we gathered upon the platform and gave three times three hearty Princeton cheers with the rocket "every time," when the bands began immediately to play and the show was declared to have commenced. The soldiery having met us at the gate and Dom Pedro and the President having welcomed us to the festivities, the Philadelphia Dragoons, headed by Mr. Billy Biddle, escorted us to the platform. The opening formalities having been gone through with in a manner becoming our dignity and importance, we scattered to amuse ourselves as best we could about the grounds.

After meandering in, out, through and around the buildings an infinite number of times and despairing of learning anything alone, we invested in an "Official Guide Book." A half-hour's persistent examination convinced us that we could make nothing of it, and we maliciously inveigled sundry innocent-looking personages into essaying the unraveling of the mystery. Three despairingly succumbed and a fourth threatened us with the law if we opened that book again. We got our quarter's worth, however, as we saw all four of those innocents a few hours later standing in mud up to their knees, holding their aching heads and abstractedly and incoherently muttering sentences from that "Official Guide."

We were not, however, going to lose our fun, and with a good deal of exertion, we succeeded in getting a glimpse of the leading features of the exhibition, including a bill of fare of one of the restaurants. We took in many sights, were taken in by not a few and, all in all, had a most interesting time. Our continual promenading caused the inner man to grumble in unmistakable terms and we sought refreshment. Being previously engaged, we declined an invitation to dine with the Emperor and wended our way to the Grand American Restaurant, which even an unexampled patience could not enable us to charitably appreciate. But the prices at the French Restaurant so badly frightened us that our pocketbook—which is in delicate health—has not yet recovered from the shock; so we determined to eat it out at the American if it took till the next Centennial. Our second effort was more successful and, after an hour and a quarter's waiting, we succeeded in securing a beefsteak,—which, however, seemed to be as generally exhausted as our patience. We had conquered, however, and we were content.

Six hours of such exhilarating sport quite sufficed us; in fact, we in that brief period reached that state of elegant sufficiency beyond which the vulgar superfluity rapidly sets in. We returned, therefore, early in the evening, but the majority of our hilarious crowd waited for "our train" which was to leave at eleven. Some misunderstanding having arisen as to the station from which it would leave, many were compelled to return on the "owl" train—which on this occasion became a "lark" affair (no reflections), as it didn't leave until early morning. The festive party whose fortune it was to leave at that hour reached the Junction about six o'clock and walked over; and it was somewhat suspicious to see two of our steadiest Professors ambling, with haggard looks and unsteady gait, over the railroad ties. However, "all's well that ends well," and, all having recovered from the effects of the "debach," we are prepared to accept any invitations to Philadelphia which generous friends may extend.

There are at the Centennial many interesting institutions which our foreign visitors can not too carefully examine. The omissions, however, seem to be numerous and inexcusable. There is no "Model Professor" there on exhibition and the sample of Princeton hash which was to have occupied a prominent position among the indestructible articles was lost in a railroad accident. Our carefully selected specimen of a "Jersey Mayor" still lingers here, and even "Our Representative Tramp" is absent;—but as Micky Boyles recently endeavored to borrow a shirt from a well-known Senior it is suspected that he intends to supply his place. Constitution Joe is to fill the gaps caused by the desultory attendance of the "Modern Congressman," and when those and other minor defects are remedied the show will be complete. Then, and then only, will the glory of Princeton at the Centennial become the bright reality which has so repeatedly been prophesied.

LYNDE PRIZE DEBATE.—It has been decided that the Lynde Prize Debate shall take place upon the evening of Friday, the 23rd instant. The question is to be announced immediately after the regular Senior examinations (which close on

June 13th), when the order of the speakers is to be decided by lot. The odds and evens are to be respectively on a side, but on which side is not to be known until the morning of the Debate, when the announcement will be made by the committee of judges. These judges, three in number, are to be selected by the Board of Trustees. The prizes are to be three, the contestants being six in number. This year the contestants are:—from Clio Hall, Messrs. Barkley and D. and T. Jones; from Whig Hall, Messrs. Davis, Denny and Greene. Each debater is to have two speeches, the first ten, the second five, minutes in length; and in making their awards the judges will take into account all the elements which tend to make a debate effective.

The Lynde Debate was instituted by a gentleman resident in Princeton who endowed a fund—five thousand dollars—for the annual provision of the prizes. The contestants are, at present, equally divided between the Halls, but, when it shall have become sufficiently large, the Nassau Scientific Society is also to be represented. The contestants are chosen from their respective Halls by preliminary debates, the rules of which are the same as those governing the Prize Debate itself. The competition is now, and it is to be hoped will always be, confined to members of the Senior Class.

The initiatory contest is looked forward to with much interest, and the Debate promises to become one of the most prominent features of Commencement week. That it will surpass the "J. O." contest in interest is, however, a prophecy rather hurriedly than knowingly made.

The Seniors have nearly all received their pictures from Notman and seem—especially those who took albums—to be generally satisfied. Some of the ugly men—there are very few in '76—grumble a little, but then they are not impartial judges.

As promised last month, the new *Carmina* has appeared and is a great improvement on the last edition. There are many additions and the arrangement of almost all the songs has been changed for the better. The volume was edited by Messrs. Markoe, Marquand and Henderson of '76, and published by Mr. Martin R. Dennis of '73; and its appearance in every respect reflects great credit upon the taste and judgment of those gentlemen.

Among the two hundred and nineteen law graduates of Columbia College this year are eleven graduates and ex-members of Princeton.

A sense of justice compels us to announce that any tardiness which our subscribers may have noticed in the appearance of their numbers of the *LIT.* was due entirely to the editors themselves, and that the Treasurer was in no way responsible therefor. Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the *LIT.* at times, and we offer all necessary apologies for any inconvenience which may have resulted from such delays.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our patrons that the *LIT.* has proved this year a financial success, and thanking them for their liberal support would beg for our successors a continuance of their favor.

We are again compelled to call attention to those gentlemen who persist in viewing our Base Ball games from over the fence. We don't object to such action on the part of those who can't afford to pay for their entrance, but gentlemen who are so desirous of being considered liberal "men about College" should not be guilty of such inconsistency. We hope to never again be compelled to refer to this unpardonable conduct.

CLIO HALL, May 12th, 1876.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his Providence, to take away our brother, EUGENE CHURCH NIXON, of the class of '78, who, during his short residence with us, elicited our hearty love and sympathy: therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Cliosophic Society, in his death, has lost one of her most promising sons.

Resolved, That, mourning his loss, we extend our sincerest sympathy to the stricken family, who have been bereaved of brother and son.

Resolved, That, as a testimonial of our regard, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, that they be inscribed upon our minutes, and transmitted for publication to the *Morristown Banner* and *NASSAU LIT. MAGAZINE*.

J. POTTER,
GEO. L. WILEY,
M. MCNEILL,
Committee.

CLIO HALL, May 12th, 1876.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased an Allwise God in his inscrutable Providence to remove from our midst the Rev. JAMES MADISON MACDONALD, D.D.; and

WHEREAS, Clio Hall loses by his death a valued member and friend: therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Cliosophic Society tender the relatives and friends of the deceased their deepest sympathy and condolence, trusting that the God whom he so long and faithfully served, will of his grace enable them to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Resolved, That we bow with reverent submission to this bereavement, believing that our Heavenly Father can neither err nor be unkind.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the *NASSAU LIT. MAGAZINE*, the *Princeton Press* and the *New York Observer*.

WILLIAM LIBREV, JR.,
ROLLIN H. LYNDÉ,
JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Committee.

On the 18th ult., Mr. Charles S. Lane, '72, and Miss Hettie McGill, daughter of Dr. Alexander T. McGill of the Seminary, were married in the Seminary Chapel by the father of the bride. The wedding was a most pleasant and *recherché* affair, everybody looking and feeling well, and everything passing off in excellent taste and order. The happy couple left on the evening train for an extended tour. May blessings attend them through life, &c.

CALEDONIAN GAMES.—Considering the bad state of the track, the Spring meeting of the Athletic Club was a decided success. Below is a summary:

I. Standing Long Jump, three trials.—F. Larkin, '79, 9 ft., 8½ in.; W. P. Stevenson, 9 ft., 8 in.

II. 100 Yard Race.—McCosh, '77, first; Hunt, '78, second; time 10 sec.

III. Throwing Ball.—Woods, '76, 371 ft., 7½ in.; Denny, '77, 370 ft., 1¾ in.

IV. Mile Walk.—Dodge, '79, first; Brown, '76, second; time, 9.55.

V. Putting 24 lb. Cannon-ball.—Markoe, '76, 25 ft., 6½ in.; Parmly, '77, 24 ft., 8 in.

VI. Quarter Mile Run.—Chapin, '76, first; Phraner, '78, second; time, 1.01.

VII. Throwing 16 lb. Hammer.—Parmly, '76, 73 ft., 8½ in.; McCosh, '77, 72 ft., 1¾ in.

VIII. Hurdle Race, 100 yards.—Woods, '76, first; Marquand, '76, second; time, 20 sec.

IX. Running Long Jump.—Larkin, '79, 16 ft., ¾ in.; Ridgley, '79, 14 ft., 5¼ in.

X. One-half Mile Run.—Phraner, '78, first; Parmly, '76, second; time, 2.30.

XI. Running High Jump.—McCosh, '77, 5 ft., 2½ in.

XII. Mile Run.—Greene, '78, first; Phraner, '78, second; time, 5.11.

XIII. Three-legged Race.—Brown, '78, (S. S.) and Dickens, '78, first; time, 44 sec.

Judges.—George Goldie, A. Marquand, and W. E. D. Scott.

Owing to the bad condition of the track, the proposed Three Mile Walk was not completed. It is to be regretted that many of our good athletes did not enter these games, preferring to hold back for the June contest.

BASE BALL.—The following are the games played thus far this term:

April 27th—'79 vs. '77, (5 innings), 15 to 5.

May 6th—University vs. Picked Nine, 20 to 2.

May 9th—University vs. Philadelphias (3¾ innings), 6 to 2.

May 15th—Picked Nine vs. University (Pitchers and Catchers changed), 6 to 5.

May 17th—Philadelphias vs. University, 11 to 2.

May 18th—University vs. Stars, of Syracuse, N. Y., 9 to 6.

May 20th—Yale vs. Princeton, 12 to 9.

May 23rd—'77 vs. '79, 14 to 9.

May 24th—Princeton vs. Chelseas, of Brooklyn, 14 to 8.

May 26th—'76 vs. '78, 11 to 5.

The old ball grounds have been used for these games and will be used until the new field can be put in order.

Scrub nines are coming out again. The "Balmorals," "Southerns," "Sallygosters" and "Centennials" are once more on the war path. We are glad to see it. Many a man has learned to "toss the sphere" on a scrub nine and been afterward promoted to the class nine. Let the scrubs flourish. They are the nursery of the game.

We gave above a list of the games which have been played the term. We append full scores of the University games:

May 17th.—PHILADELPHIA vs. PRINCETON.

PRINCETON.					PHILADELPHIAS.					
O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	
Laughlin, s.,	3	0	0	3	2	Shafer, l.,	4	1	1	0
Walker, m.,	4	0	0	2	0	Nelson, s.,	4	1	1	2
Furman, b.,	2	2	0	2	3	Shetslein, b.,	3	2	3	1
Woods, c.,	2	0	3	4	1	Warner, m.,	5	1	2	3
Mann, a.,	4	0	0	10	0	Richardson, c.,	4	1	1	5
Denny, h.,	3	0	0	1	1	Weaver, a.,	3	1	2	0
Karge, p.,	3	0	0	0	2	Mason, r.,	1	3	0	3
Dufield, l.,	3	0	0	4	0	Crawley, h.,	2	1	1	5
Kaufman, r.,	3	0	0	1	0	Zettlein, p.,	2	0	0	1
Total,	27	2	3	27	9	Total,	27	11	10	27
	—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—

Umpire.—M. W. Jacobus, '77.

Scorer.—M. N. Johnson, '76.

Time of Game, 1 hour, 25 minutes.

May 18th.—STARS (amateurs) vs. PRINCETON.

STARS.					PRINCETON.					
O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	
Geer, b.,	3	2	1	4	2	Laughlin, s.,	5	1	1	6
Dorgan, s.,	2	1	2	1	4	Walker, m.,	4	1	1	3
Purroy, m.,	4	0	1	0	1	Furman, b.,	2	2	3	0
McKinnon, a.,	4	1	1	11	0	Woods, c.,	4	1	0	2
Adams, l.,	3	1	0	0	0	Mann, a.,	1	1	2	15
Cruscop, r.,	3	0	1	0	2	Denny, h.,	3	0	1	1
Madden, c.,	2	1	3	0	2	Karge, p.,	3	1	1	0
McGlynn, h.,	2	1	2	7	1	Dufield, l.,	2	1	2	4
McCormack, p.,	4	0	1	4	0	Kaufman, r.,	3	1	0	1
Total,	27	7	12	27	12		—	—	—	—
	—	—	—	—	—		27	9	11	27

Umpire.—Frank Dunning, '76.

Scorers.—M. N. Johnson, '76, and Chas. Rea.

On Saturday, May 20th, we met Yale upon our own grounds. Both nines batted heavily, and in some parts of the game, fielded abominably. The excitement, however, was so intense that we can not blame any one for doing poorly. The batting of Bigelow and Dawes was the best feature of Yale's playing, except, perhaps, the first base work of Downer. The most noticeable point of the game, however, was the umpiring of Mr. C. de F. Hawley, of Yale College. We know it is human nature for a man to favor his own side. We think Mr. Hawley has too much human nature. We do not know why it is necessary for a man to refuse an answer to a civil question asked him by a player. Mr. Hawley saw fit to do this thing several times. It is better that college championship games should be umpired by professional umpires. The best umpire in Princeton would not satisfy Yale; and if Yale cannot furnish a better umpire than the last one, we had better get down on our knees and humbly present them our hopes of the cham-

pionship. We hope that, some day before the millennium, it will be a matter of possibility and probability that other colleges can meet the aristocrats of New Haven upon the field or upon the water without dissatisfaction upon one side or the other. In the majority of cases it cannot be done now. We are sorry for it. We append the score of the game.

PRINCETON.

	O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
Laughlin, s.,	5	0	1	5	Morgan, h.,
Walker, m.,	3	2	0	0	Bigelow, c.,
Furman, b.,	1	2	2	3	Wheaton, s.,
Woods, c.,	4	1	3	1	Dawes, m.,
Mann, a.,	1	2	2	10	Carter, p.,
Denny, h.,	1	2	1	4	Anthony, b.,
Karge, p.,	4	0	1	3	Downer, a.,
Dufield, l.,	3	0	2	3	Platt, r.,
Kaufman, r.,	5	0	0	0	Maxon, l.,
Total,	27	9	9	27	12

YALE.

	O.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
	3	2	1	6	3
	3	2	3	2	4
	2	3	1	2	2
	2	3	2	0	0
	4	0	1	0	3
	2	1	1	1	1
	4	0	0	15	0
	3	1	1	1	0
	4	0	0	0	0
Total,	27	12	9	27	13

Umpire.—C. de F. Hawley, Yale.

Scorers.—W. A. Briscoe, Yale; M. N. Johnson, Princeton.

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
PRINCETON.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	4	9
YALE.....	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	2	5	12

GYMNAStic CONTEST.—The contest of '76, which took place on May 6th was a very fine one. It was characterized by the large number of contestants—sixteen—and by the excellent finish of all the performances. Mr. Dunning's heavy work was exceedingly neat and just closely enough pressed by Mr. L. G. Walker's to make it interesting. Mr. L. M. Walker's general work was good. Mr. Kaufman, in spite of his sprain, succeeded in doing as well as he ever did. All were so good that we feel obliged to apologize for mentioning any by name. The music furnished by Dodworth's, was of course good. The prizes were awarded as follows:

Heavy Weights,—Mr. Frank Dunning, N. Y.

Light Weights,—Mr. L. M. Walker, N. J.

Indian Clubs,—Mr. A. B. Turnure, N. Y.

General Excellence,—Mr. W. T. Kaufman, N. J.

Judges,—Messrs. A. Marquand, Robert Hall and J. Dulles.

After the contest Mr. Davis, on behalf of the Class of '76, presented Mr. Goldie with a complete set of Appleton's Encyclopedia. Mr. Goldie thanked the Class in his usual neat style. Dr. McCosh was then called upon and gave us one of his humorous medleys, in which gymnastics, encyclopedias, Mr. Goldie, eatables and the new hotel played conspicuous parts. The audience then dispersed to the enlivening strains of Faust's Galop, "In All Haste."

"JAS. DE CUVERT" goeth about like a roaring lion. If he ever catches the author of that Centennial Drama,—woe! woe!! woe!!!

We were sorry to find that Mr. Kaufman of '76, had sprained his ankle a second time on the 29th of April. That it did not, however, prevent him from doing his work in the contest may be seen by our report elsewhere.

On the evening of the Yale game, a former student of this college was on a visit here, and sought to drown his sorrows in the festive bowl. He obtained some whiskey from a gentleman of this city, and in solitude demolished it. Well, it made him sick. After his attack, he went to the gentleman and said,—“Young Man! you—have—poisoned—me.” “How? How?” asked the frightened man. “You—gave—me—bedbug poison. I would not insult a respectable bedbug with such stuff.”

Examinations for entrance to College are to be held this year at St. Louis, and Cincinnati as well as at Princeton. The benefits of this arrangement to our Western patrons are self-evident.

The following is the result of the latest of the annual contests in the two Halls:

CLIO HALL.

Sophomore Prize Essays.—First Prize, J. R. Van Benschoten, Conn.; Second Prize, W. M. Matthews, Ohio.

Senior Prize Essays.—First Prize, E. D. Lyon, N. J.; Second Prize, J. M. Barkley, N. C.

Senior Prize Speaking.—First Prize, J. M. Barkley, N. C.; Second Prize, I. E. White, N. Y.

Lynde Debaters.—J. M. Barkley, N. C., D. B. Jones, Wis., T. D. Jones, Wis.

Freshman Prize Speaking.—First Prize, P. H. Phraner, Fla.; Second Prize, Mahlon Pitney, N. J.

WHIG HALL.

Lynde Debaters.—H. E. Davis, D. C., Collins Denny, Va., W. B. Greene, R. I.

Freshman Prize Speaking.—First Prize, W. T. Elsing, Ill.; Second Prize, R. W. Blackwell, N. Y.

Sophomore Prize Essays.—First Prize, John B. Wardlaw, Ga.; Second Prize, A. W. Dickens, N. Y.

MRS. TAYLOR'S DRAMATIC READINGS.—Mrs. E. A. Taylor of Albany, N.Y., appeared in Dramatic Readings for the second time, in the Second Presbyterian Church, on the evening of May 25th. The near approach of examinations and the fact that the rage for seeing Base Ball games absorbs most of the loose change of collegians, kept the large body of the students away; so that the audience was composed mainly of citizens of the town and their families. The following are the selections given:

PART I.

“Curfew shall not ring to-night.” “The Charcoal Man.” “Face against the Pane.” “Senator Entangled.” “The New Church Organ.” “Creeds of the Bells.” “Der Baby.”

PART II.

"The Maniac," "Father Phil's Collection," "Mrs. Caudle's Lecture," "Charlie Machree," "Waiting by the Gate."

The entire programme was well rendered,—so well indeed that it is hard to make a discrimination in favor of any one selection. We think, however, that "The New Church Organ" was best rendered. It provoked hearty laughter from the audience. In the "Face Against the Pane," Mrs. Taylor brought out the pathos in a truly artistic manner. The "Senator Entangled," "The Charcoal Man," and the "Creeds of the Bells," were all well rendered. Part I. closed amid much merriment with the recital of "Der Baby."

In part II. Mrs. Taylor, by request, began by reciting "The Maniac," and considering the fact that she has not rendered it for two years, we think it was capitally done. "Mrs. Caudle's Lecture" brought down the house; it was capitally done. "Charlie Machree" followed and proved to be one of the best selections of the evening. The entertainment closed with Bryant's "Waiting by the Gate."

We learn, with regret, that this is Mrs. Taylor's last reading tour. We had hoped that she would yet be able to appear in Princeton before an audience worthy of her in its numbers as well as in its fine critical taste. The audiences that have met her here have been of the most select kind; and they fully appreciate her worth as a reader. We wish it could be the privilege of a larger number to hear her.

After the close of the readings, Mrs. Taylor was given a little "spread" in the handsome parlors of the Nassau Hotel, at which a few friends were present, and an hour or so was spent in pleasant chit-chat. As she will not return to us, we wish her *bon voyage* in the new sphere of life which she is so soon to enter.

The tone of the Yale papers with reference to the late Yale-Princeton game reveals the fact that they expected to find us gentlemen. We are glad to know it, but regret that we cannot return the compliment. We dare not indulge the hope to find the average Yale man a gentleman under any circumstances. The spirit of the able critiques with which these journals have favored us is almost too contemptible to notice, but occasion sometimes demands that we kick the cur that snaps at our heels.

It is singular that it took the Yale nine so long to find that our field was a "cow pasture." Professional nines have managed to be defeated on it with wonderful composure. It is queer that the manners of Princeton "snobs" should seem peculiar to the men who so chivalrously received and treated us on our last two visits to their great institution. It is remarkable that the Yale sheets have not yet learned what what all well-bred journals ought to know—how to speak the truth.

We do not desire to defend the conduct of our "snobs," but we do not propose to pass by in silence the flat lie that any Yale man was hissed—or even unduly noticed—as he crossed our Campus. The umpire, if he be a gentleman—

and we venture the hope that he is—will testify that he received assurance of safety from the personal violence which he so dreaded from the townsmen. The somewhat original reference to "spilled milk," when coming from Yale men, suggests reminiscences which a feeling of pity induces us to pass over. That remarkable batting in the last inning which is so proudly spoken of, resolves itself upon examination into a willful misjudgment on the part of the umpire; and it is worthy of note that the foul which he called fair, and which won the game for Yale, was the only instance in which he felt called upon to justify a doubtful decision, by walking into the field and locating the strike of the ball. A guilty conscience often compels such self-exposure.

We are sorry that the unpleasant conviction that they had been doing something mean, seems to have forced itself upon our visitors. There were gentlemen among them, we were surprised to see, and we heartily wish that by some unheard of accident, one of them might slip into the chair of an editor of one of the Yale papers. But even such a remarkable occurrence might avail but little; for the New Haven papers appear to have been pressed into the services of these Children of Truth. One of them has been amusing itself by re-hashing some long-delayed fictions about our boating relations with Yale; and in this warm weather the effluvia from the rottenness thus again uncovered is unpleasant. Please don't do that again. The atmosphere is just beginning to purify itself of the effects of your late visit, and this new infection might effect a serious reaction.

Would our sense of decency not be shocked, we should paraphrase some of the most elegant of your Billingsgate that has lately appeared in the *Record* and *Courant*, and which would nicely suit us for a retort *a la Yale*; but we will spare our readers. We have given your courtesy and good breeding a longer advertisement than we had intended, but do not feel called upon to apologize for our prolixity; the exploits of gentlemen should always prove interesting reading. Please come again soon, and bring with you the same umpire and the same young men who "coached" him up as you came down in the train. Don't let them talk so loudly the next time, though, or they may again be overheard.

EXCHANGES.

This number of the *NASSAU LIT.* closes the arduous labors of the exchange department for the collegiate year of '76. We turn to the exchanges before us, and bid them a tearful farewell. We regret to leave them. Our editorial heart is wrung with anguish, when we look back upon the many friendships we have made during the past eight months—friendships which must now be broken. We shall never forget the modest and unassuming mien of the *Mississippi Magazine*, nor the delicate compliments of the *Bowdoin Orient* and the gray-backed *Columbian*. We shall strive to restrain the hot scalding tears as we say farewell to the *Niagara Index*. We know it has not long to live. We feel that it will shortly follow its brother *The Owl*, to the elysian fields of exchange oblivion, and we deeply mourn the approaching dissolution of one who has ever been so staunch a friend. Fare-

well, thou priestly Acolyte, and take this piece of parting advice. At present it is scarcely needed, but for the future it may be useful. Strive to avoid the fatal malady of our deceased friend, the *Dartmouth*, and possess neither too much brains nor independence. Ta! Ta!! When others shall occupy this editorial chair, we know they will fully appreciate the tender grace, and gentle deportment of the *Yale Record*, and the *Yale Courant*. The *Record*, we part from in sorrow. Yea! grief devours us at the thought of separation from this exponent of Base Ball Umpiring, and Scholastic courtesy towards Odd Fellows. We know that our successors can never fail to admire the touching melody of the *Record's* exchange columns, or the sublimity of its editorial billingsgate. Long after the present editorial board has left Nassau's Hall, the sweet tones of the *Record's* jackal voice will be heard evolving kilkenny cats from the tune of "Laus Deo." We bitterly regret that we shall be denied the perusal of these future songs of H——ades. The grief we feel at leaving the *Courant*, can best be expressed in the following gentle opinion of its article upon our Glee Club concert. One of its Scientific editors, a youth equally famous for his success at billiards and his failure in society, would have us believe that he was present at our Glee Club's Concert in Washington—and he may have been; for during the crowd at the door it was quite possible to slip in unobserved. But he doesn't seem to have felt repaid for the risk he ran in entering; and with well-nigh withering sarcasm and a most laudable effort to be funny he vents his disappointment in a letter to the *Courant*. The weakness of this gifted critic's wit is even surpassed by the unblushing parsimony with which he uses the truth; but to find him at the close of his brilliant letter endeavoring to imply that he was present with a lady is really amusing. The whole of the able article is replete with caustic criticisms and the purest English, and we are not surprised that the *Courant* should find in its talented author a worthy exponent of Yalensian sense and manners. To prevent any future restlessness to which the little conscience in this gentleman may be liable we would recommend the maternal "Soothing Syrup," and a good dose of "Tonic Bitters" might in a measure relieve the general debility of his humor.

We turn to the *Virginia University Magazine*, and wonder how so courteous a magazine, as full of blue blood as Father Tom's "real old nagur head" was replete with nicotine, could condescend to notice so impudent a periodical as the LIT. We acknowledge the honor we have derived from shaking F. F. V. by the hand, and before parting, would like to inform it, that the LIT. is the organ of the students of Princeton College; that it is in no sense "the 'administration paper' of that brilliant but eccentric old gentleman, Dr. McCosh," and that while endeavoring to serve the interests of the students, it is no less keenly alive to the more important interests of the college itself. The F. F. V. fades into the past, and after wiping our eyes we turn to the *Hamilton Lit.* We shall ever cherish the memory of the profound thoughts it contained. Thoughts so profound as to be incomprehensible; thoughts utterly beyond the grasp of modest Nassovians; thoughts, philosophical in the highest degree. Profound and mystical expounder of the only reliable methods of securing prizes in Inter-collegiate contests, to you

we humbly kneel, and dare to say adieu. Let us stand uncovered before our Harvard friends. We cast one last long look upon the Olympian *Crimson*. Mark him high above the vulgar rabble, with his jove-like neck encircled by a picadilly, and his beautiful straight legs incased in checks of monstrous size. He frowns, and the *Record* shakes. He nods, and the *Record* obeys. He smiles, and the *Record* grins aloud. Yes, the '76 LIT. looks for the last time upon the great *Crimson*, famed for poetry; and then hurries away in silent awe, like as a rustic would retreat before the gorgeous form of an urban patrician. But, in our departure, we knock against the calm, unruffled *Advocate*, and are forced to bow a welcome and adieu. Behind him comes his half crazed brother with his cap and bells. Kind friends christened him *Lampoon*, but his poor brain distorted it to *Lampy*, more nearly to resemble Archy, called Armstrong, the Fool. We weep as we part from him—clinging to his picture books, and rhymes; and earnestly hope that our successors will treat him kindly, smiling often at his wit. *Lampy*, that "Mongrel parthenon" of yours was a good joke, and laughing at it, we shall say good-by.

We cast our eyes to the west, and there behold the *Oberlin Review* struggling with many foes. It is gaunt and grim like to the wild coyote, or the noble savage of modern days. We fear it can scarcely bear the sorrow of our parting. We wish we had never met the old *Review*, for then we should not suffer the great pain we feel at present. But, *Deo volente*, friends must part, and so farewell *Review*! Our love to the beautiful ladies, and the gentlemen of crooked back-bones. The *Era* attracts our notice, and we are forced to turn aside to hide our gushing tears. The *Cornell Era* shall never more come to our editorial hands. That superb creature, bringing with each visitation a delightful odor of Cornell's curriculum—a classic smell, akin in essence to that of printing presses, lubricating oil, and other aids to famous statesmen's training, comes for the last time to us. We never more shall read of Cornell's crew; its fire engine; or its lady, renowned in Greek. The glories of Cornell's agricultural works, of the Cascadilla, and of captain Ostrom, will be denied us in the future, and sorrow for our loss will ever haunt us, like the black feline of Poe's lugubrious tale. We were about to make a general "adieu Messieurs," when we discovered a very small, but powerfully concentrated extract of Episcopalianism, called in vulgar language, the *Trinity Tablet*. We drop a very small tear befitting its size, and fearful lest a more extended farewell would be out of place, we hysterically exclaim, "Little *Tablet*, vale." Words are inadequate to express the mournful feelings in our bosom as we look for the last time upon our fair friends from Packer and Poughkeepsie. With our eyes fixed upon these fair creatures, with looks of unutterable sorrow, and dreaming of our A.B., we throw aside, forever, the Reviewer's quill.

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